

"THE THING IS TO NOT LET GO OF THE VINE."

-- JOHNNY WEISSMULLER

Of course he is right, otherwise he would not be Tarzan King of the Jungle, but Tarzan King of the Emergency Ward.

But he is not right all the time. Like the vine, his advice has an end. For him it might be when Simba and Tantor grow immune to yodels and he has to face the evil white men alone. When Jane is old, her little bark skirts no longer fetching. Or when he is just tired, the trees seem taller than before and every vine a python.

So there comes a time at the edge of some sinister veldt when the thing to do is not hold on but let go at the peak and fly into the arms of the Ape Mother at whose dark and leathery breast we rest content at last knowing what it is we have been all this time hurrying through the forest toward.

ETERNA 27

I use it every day. Under my eyes the skin dries out. Also my beauty mask (by mail from Anne Carpenter) once a week or so. When the clay sticks to my beard and my blue eyes shine, I look like a warrior. That's ironic. I know how the men in my family feel about cosmetics. Remember the phrase "shit a brick"? It's fun to be vain and to make repairs on the only body I'll ever have. And who needs coveralls or a timing light, just Dove soap, Henna Clay Masque and Eterna 27 which reminds me of eternally twenty-seven, tempting I guess but not something I'd wish on a friend or even those baby Capones who know next to nothing about what it means to be a man.